

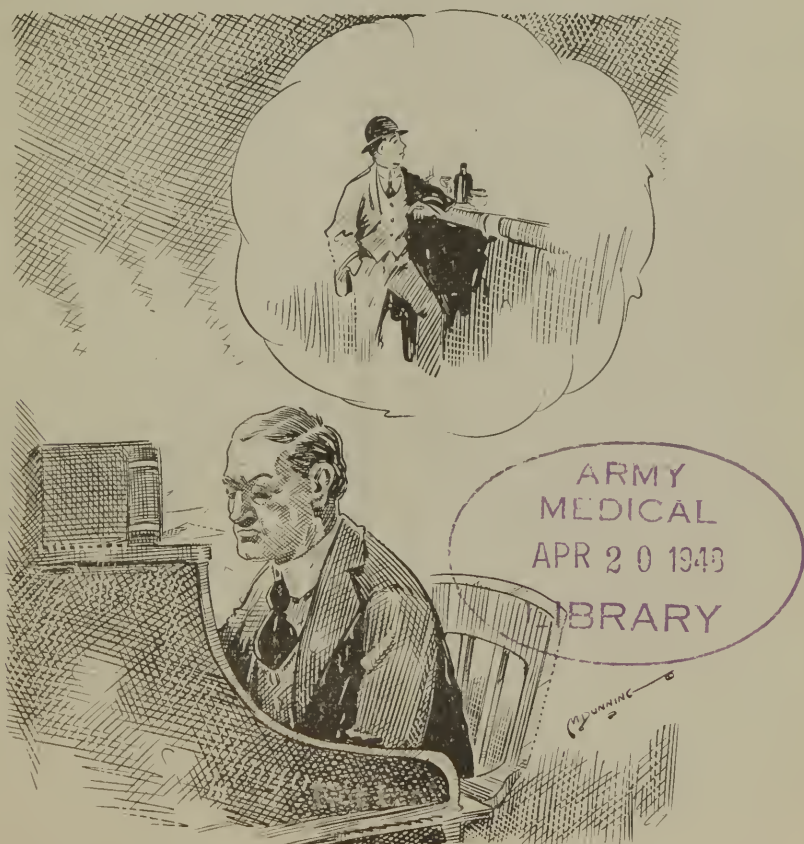
# HEADS UP

Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Sunday, March 30, 1919

Vol. II "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" No. 77

Sacred Concert at Red Cross House Tonight

Under Direction of Mrs. Hequembourg



"Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise"

# HEADS UP

Published daily, except Monday, at U. S. Army Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Richmond College, Va.

## STAFF

General Manager.....Corp. Hanson  
Circulation Manager.....Pvt. Dunning  
Staff Correspondent.....Pvt. Midkiff  
Staff Cartoonists.....Dunning and Hanson

## AND

Everybody on the Post.

Direct all correspondence to the General Manager, "Heads Up."

## MAIL.

Arrives—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Departs—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Officer of Day, Monday—Lieut. Francis.



To many men the future spells opportunity, liberation from restriction, restored possibilities, and all that goes with the freer and fuller human progress.

This is an objective worthy of great activity, great effort, and great concentration. It is big and characteristic of men who have passed through an emergency in which they concentrated all the industrial resources and manpower of a mighty nation to an ideal, untainted by purely selfish purpose.

For more than a year the objective of America was one to which all alike could subscribe. Soldier, business man, educator and laborer, every worker from least to greatest, all stood on a common platform and few there were who failed to do his part.

We have witnessed the results of unity of command, unity of purpose and unity of effort, in what was a great moral and military achievement. The future holds for us equal community of interest, and equal opportunity for a common objective. We are going back to civilian life and we should carry with us this same unity of purpose, concentrated on the pursuits of the nation at peace. Heads up ALL the time.

## LOOK WHO'S HERE—OUR BIRDIE AGAIN

He went up over the camp Friday and noticed that in spite of all the gayety afforded the camp the last month or so, that everybody was loafing. The birdie told us that the K. O. caught everybody loafing and that he himself, meaning our birdie from up above, could hear the K. O. thinking "everybody seems to be getting ready for this dance in the middle of the day. I wonder if we will have to stop the dances to get the work done?"

Now we told the birdie if he could wigwag to the K. O. that we're going to get the work of closing up the Hospital done as quickly as possible because we will be nearer our discharge, why there would be no reason for stopping the dances, etc., H. U. believes it "doesn't take any brick house to fall on them," meaning the Command and that this word is "sufficient for their wisdom." Let's go on this, gang! We got something up our sleeve when the work is all done. (Non-Coms take note—it's up to you.)

## MORE INTERESTING STUFF—AND LESSON.

In Cuba the man whose house burns down is subject to fine, and a heavy one. There are few fires in Cuba. Get us, don't you? Careful with that cigarette butt and match. No Cuba for us except tobacco.



*It is better to wear out than to rust out.*



Some days ago, "Heads Up" announced a dance to be held in old Ward "C". Late in the afternoon of the day set for the dance, someone handed the Editor a tip that there were some activities afloat over in the old pavilion. Investigation disclosed that there sure was something doing over there, and that it was in the way of very fitting decoration.

Friday "Heads Up" advertised another dance, and on his way from the mess hall that evening, the Editor dropped into "C" again. A veritable garden of Daffodils, Spring Blossoms, Pine Boughs, Evergreens, and lights of many hues greeted his entrance, and no busier place ever was. Therefore unknown to any of us, and sponsored by their own initiative entirely was Sgt. Bowen with Corp. Bixler, both besmirched with pitch and dust, working with a detail of men, busily engaged re-decorating the place. We need not dwell further

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on the character of the decorations, as they were all that could be desired.

Leaving out personalities and speaking only from a standpoint of helpful co-operation and initiative in this connection, these boys did themselves proud, and "*Heads Up*" thanks them accordingly for this effort, on behalf of the Post.



ATTENTION EVERYBODY—Many A. L. A. Books still A. W. O. L. Turn them in to the Y. M. C. A.

AND

Turn in all door keys to the Detachment Office AT ONCE.



Y. M. C. A.

Mrs. Hequembourg and the Y. M. C. A. will favor us with a sacred concert and lecture in place of the regular Protestant Sunday night service tonight. Under the direction of Mrs. Hequembourg this sacred concert promises to be one of our most uplifting events.



### JOHNSON'S ARMY.

The Red Cross troupe from the hill are now whittled down to the big boy himself, the good fortune of the post that Mrs. Kern is still here. Mr. Johnson states that Mr. Barlow and he will probably leave for Camp Lee Tuesday. The Red Cross convalescent building will be closed. The Nurse's Recreation House will be thrown open to the Corps boys who remain here. Vale! Vale! Red Cross on the hill, the center for many happy hours and pleasant associations.



### KACY KELLY DEPOSES AS FOLLOWS.

On being asked when he would leave, the Columbian Knight said: "Only when the Post Flag is hauled down for the last time."



### CAPTAIN MORGAN.

Before the final curtain falls, we wish to record that Captain Johnny as Personnel Officer and erstwhile Detachment Commander, did his work well. But more, his simple, kindly good intentioned soul made him a well worth while army association. This much we have to give him, but there is even more of copy value about this dark, blackeyed, good looking, Spanish-complected

Irishman. When we made this army, Captain John was back of a long table and impaled us with those piercingly black eyes. He spake as follows: "Yuh got-ta fill out this card." We made mental note that Morgan was the right name for this cruel, hard-boiled fellow, and thought of the buccaneers of that name, both of the ocean and Wall Street. If we were not afraid of him, we would have suggested dressing him up in pirate fashion, red bandanna, ear-rings, sailor's clasp knife, and everything. We were off this guy and very much afraid of him. In our terror we turned to the Adjutant's office for consolation, and met the inscrutable impersonal Reppian face. Forthwith our hands went up mentally and we hummed "The night is dark and I am far from home." Five days later, Captain Johnny beckoned us into his office with an imperious thumb, and quakingly we entered, watched him open his safe, and extract therefrom some Bevo (Yes, that's right, Bevo), and offer to drink with us.

"Great was the fall thereof," and we found that Johnny's exterior cloaked a simple, kindly heart. Then, too, in the light of early terrors, with pride we record, that we dared to call the inscrutable, immobile, Reppian face "Herbie," without being turned to salt or struck by lightning.—*Contributed.*



*There is nothing so powerful as truth.*



### THE DANCE!

KACY KELLY SCORES AGAIN—As sponsor for one of the most enjoyable evenings the post has experienced. The hall was beautifully decorated, thanks to the old reliable duet, Sgt. Bowen and Cpl. Bixler. There were delightful dancing partners and good music. And dainty refreshments were served by the National Catholic War Council.



### SEEN AND HEARD AMONG THE SHADOWS.

Cpl. Stauffer is some dancer but he seems to enjoy watching others by the way he smiles.



Sgt. Moore broke the ice again at Friday night dance. His friends say that he has been a good dancer but is a fraction rusty.



Goldsmith is very anxious to make Lau as popular as possible with the fair sex, by telling them of his ability as a kitchen mechanic.



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—○—  
Sgt. Leighton and Cpl. Young were among the purple shadows as onlookers, Friday night.

—○—  
Hochwald is swelled up over a young lady telling him that he was the best dancer she ever danced with. We discovered later that it was her *first* dance.

—○—  
The K. of C. man, Cunningham, helped all to feel at ease and carried on some clever sideline comedy.

—○—  
Sgt. Bowen and Pvt. Greenburg were also there with the wit and fancy dance.

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**HISTORICAL.**

Editor of "Heads Up":

Dear Sir.—I thought it might interest your readers to know the history of "Heads Up" from a personal standpoint. The original conception was merely that of a daily bulletin, or handbill, to contain announcement, that all might know just what and when things would happen. We asked the Command for a stenographer and received Sgt. Camman. Without asking, and at his own risk, Mr. Earl E. Johnson volunteered to finance "Heads Up" effort. In passing, we might remark that he has made good and was right there with anything we wanted from the crack of the pistol right down to the tape. As you know this has meant much materially, but even more as inspiration. Sgt. and the original Editor started in on December 11, 1918, in a fly-by-night way in the Surgical Chief's office by getting out a mimeograph sheet. A few days later the then editor went on escort duty and Mrs. Capt. Toby handled this mimeograph sheet for a few days and well. We forgot to mention the choice of title, "Heads Up" was first heard by the writer, as a baseball exhortation while playing ball seventeen years ago. Unheard again until a few years ago at major league games at the Polo Grounds. Forgotten again until the day the editor was ruminating for a proper name, when Lt. Ferron, the then Canteen Exchange Officer, slangily said, when we had decided to go up to headquarters together, "Heads Up, let's go." There it was and the writer knew it. After Mrs. Toby's regime, Capts. Morgan and Eide told the Editor that there was a cartoonist, meaning you, in the Medical Detachment. You will recall the days when Camman, you and I battled away with the first printed numbers. With your coming the

appearance of "Heads Up" began to assume decent outline. You likewise brought, in addition to the art end, an office routine that was badly needed, and at last we were off to a fair start. Enter now, the third leg of our tripod. Fastened to a large broom functioning as orderly at headquarters was a thin-legged young man with a noticing look in his eyes. Thanks to Sgt. Major Hollister, who has always been for us, this thin-legged young orderly, was signed up, but with no uniform at first—Dunning, of course. About this time "Heads Up" office had fairly comfortably settled down in Dunning's and your bedroom. After weathering the storms of the (E)ides of January, wherein our own Little Eva was nearly lost to us, all else is so recent as to need little comment. Except this, that on February 18, 1919, I fully recognized your editorial as well as business and art ability and because it was fair, turned over completely "Heads Up" to you. This was a matter of wisdom and should have been done before. Really, too, as actual members of the family, I consider particularly Sgt. Camman, also Sgt. Smith and latterly Cpl. Shankweiler. Just as with a man who has attained a full life, regrets that he must pass on because he has just then learned to live, so now that it is time to go (Heads Out) we have only just learned our several businesses, in the matter of getting out a post paper. Many thanks to Camman. He helped in the early days. Smith and Shankweiler also. In my judgment, Dunning, for which he deserves no personal credit, for it was a gift, has more consistently entertained the post than any individual or organization that has been on it. You can very well run second in this, because without you there could have been no real "Heads Up" or Dunning either. All the post knows that you have done the work and therefore you are "Heads Up." So Cpl. "Heads Up" Hanson, I am

Yours very truly,  
CAPT. GEORGE N. SLATTERY.

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**REPORTER'S COLUMN.**

Kline and Porterfield made an official visit to Westhampton Tuesday.

Cpl. Cider Hartley, has two room mates—Shevie and Shep.

Shep was seen kissing Shevie good morning the other morning at 5 A. M.

Woodie looks like he had lost his best friend. Brace up, old boy, Chicago is not so far away.

*SEE YOU DAY AFTER TOMORROW.*